

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

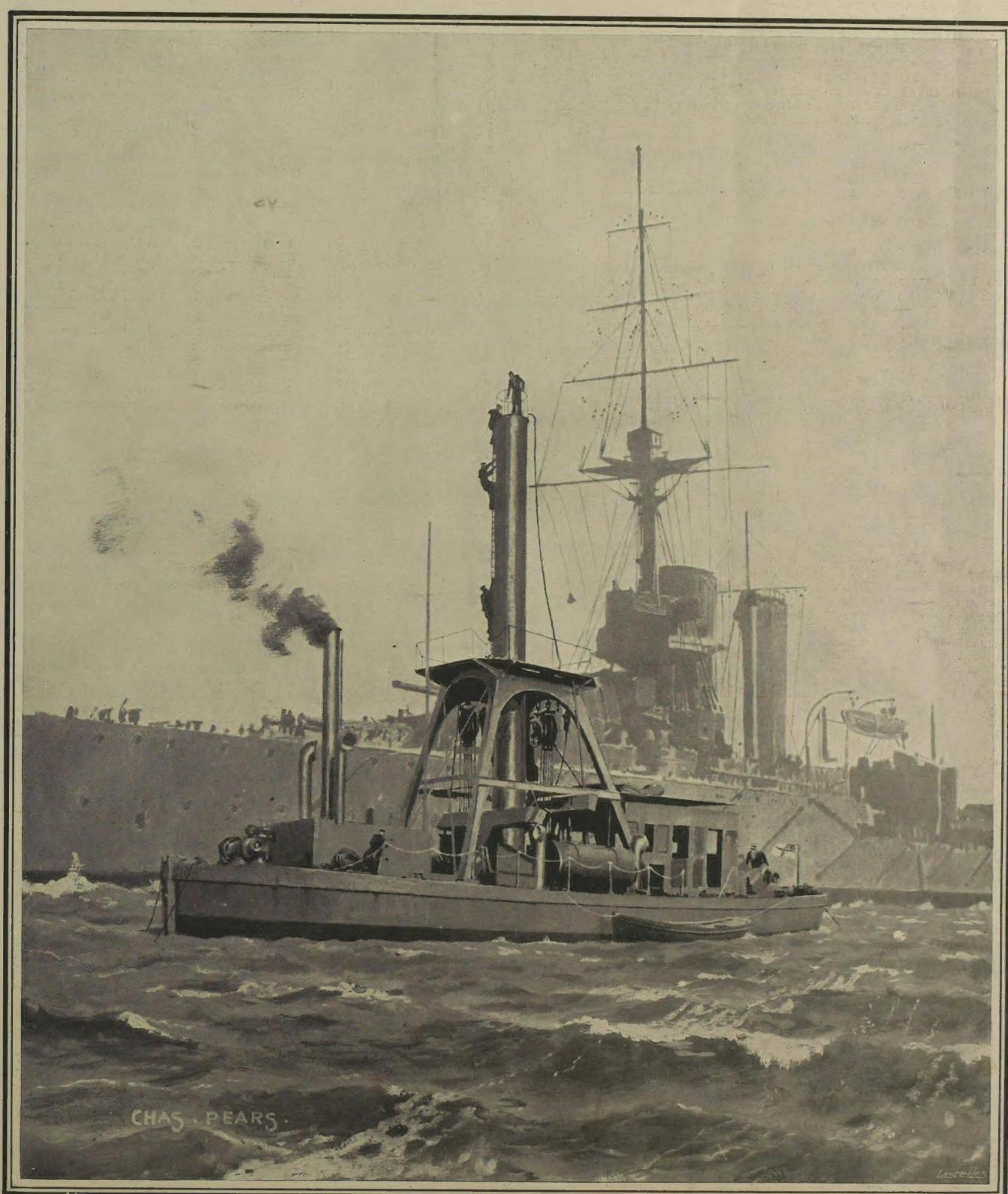
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 4012.—VOL. CXLVIII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1916.

SIXPENCE.

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WITH A BIG FUNNEL AMIDSHIPS, AS ENTRANCE TO A DIVING-BELL: AN AIR-COMPRESSION VESSEL FOR LAYING MOORINGS.

This air-compression vessel, used for laying moorings for battle-ships, is fitted with a diving-bell, the entrance to which is down the big funnel amidships. The tools used by the men are worked by compressed air.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

(See Illustrations.)

NOW that it has been decided at last to give the Volunteers a recognised status as a home-defence force, by reviving the Act of 1863 under which the old Volunteers were constituted, public interest in their work has naturally been re-awakened. There are throughout the country, according to a recent estimate, some 300,000 men enrolled as Volunteers. London alone has ten corps, the largest of which is the City of London National Guard, or, as it is generally called, the National Guard. It numbers about 3500 men, all of them over military age. A brief review of its inception and progress may be of interest in connection with the special drawings on other pages.

The National Guard was born on Boxing Day 1914, when a meeting was held at the Guildhall at the invitation of the then Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Johnston. To quote the *National Guard*—among other things the corps has its own magazine, and a very good one too—"The Lord Mayor spoke for about five minutes. Then Colonel Cobbett told us what he expected of us, and before we realised we had begun we were formed up into squads and put through the preliminaries of drill. It was wonderful work. We entered the Guildhall civilians. We left it soldiers in the making, inspired one and all with the spirit of the soldier." Like Lord Kitchener, the Lord Mayor advertised for an army; and it so happened that the announcement appeared on the day after the German raid on Scarborough. Indignation stimulated recruiting; and thus the Kaiser's frightfulness was a contributory cause of the rush of men to join the new corps. Drilling began at once; and gradually the corps developed into its present highly organised state under the guidance of its Commandant, Colonel G. T. B. Cobbett, and its Military Adviser, Colonel R. K. Ridgeway, V.C. The first battalion is commanded by Lieut-Colonel G. L. Chambers, and the second by Lieut-Colonel J. Sheldon Hepworth: the Adjutants of the two battalions are, respectively, Mr. Mervyn W. Herapath and Captain J. Watt. The corps likewise owes much to Chief Staff Officer J. Leigh Wood; the Regimental Adjutant, Captain J. Burder Dunning, Quartermaster George Hughes, and to its energetic secretary, Mr. Oswald Bell. There is a strong Scotch element in the corps, the Scots wearing a distinctive Glengarry cap. A well-known Scottish-American, Mr. Francis Bannerman, of New York, has generously assisted the corps with gifts of rifles and other equipment.

Several red-letter days stand out in the history of the National Guard. The first was March 20, 1915, when the corps, over 2000 strong, had the honour of marching past the King and Queen in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Other notable events were the church parade at St. Paul's on June 9, when the Bishop of London preached; the inspection of the National Guard camp, "somewhere in Essex," by General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., on Sept. 19; the opening by the Lord Mayor of the National Guard rifle-range at Portmarn Park, Virginia Water (presented by a member of the corps, Mr. R. F. de Salis), on Sept. 25; and the consecration of the National Guard Lodge of Freemasons on Nov. 12.

What may be called the "reddest letter-day" of all, however, was the inspection by Lord Kitchener at Wellington Barracks on Nov. 3, a few days before he left on his tour to the Near East. This was in itself an act of recognition which every man in the regiment immensely appreciated. To quote again from the corps' magazine: "Turning to the Lord Mayor, Lord Kitchener added heartily, 'I have pleasure in congratulating you, my Lord Mayor, on the fine appearance presented by the National Guard. The work they have taken up so well no doubt they will continue to perform.' The Secretary for War then stepped forward and saluted the massed battalions. There was a quick order, and, led by the Lord Mayor, a vast cheer went up."

There is no space to dwell in detail on all the National Guard's various activities, but we may mention that it possesses a Mechanical Transport Column, a Cyclists' Section, a Machine-Gun Section, a Signalling Section, an Engineers' Unit, a Pioneers' Section, an excellent Military Band, a Buglers' Band, and an Ambulance, qualified in first-aid and stretcher work, which is ably commanded by Surgeon-Captain Percy Pope. Besides innumerable drills, there have been route-marches through London, Sunday parades, and field manoeuvres at Richmond Park, Epping Forest, and elsewhere. As already mentioned, a very successful camp was established in Essex, where much hard trench-digging and other work was accomplished. The National Guard went to Brighton for field manoeuvres and musketry practice last Easter and Whitsuntide, and are arranging special events for this Easter. The musketry is in charge of Captain L. Raven-Hill and Mr. S. G. Coram. Last August the War Office proposed to send some 500 men of the National Guard over to France for entrenching work; but, to the disappointment of those who volunteered, the scheme was eventually abandoned.

During the last few months two very interesting duties have been performed by the National Guard—one, that of meeting soldiers home on leave from the front at Victoria and Waterloo; the other, practising rescue-drill at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in case of fire from air-bombs. As regards the first, the National Guard has been proud to be of service to the gallant men who are fighting our battles abroad, by piloting them about London, looking up trains, helping them to draw or exchange money, finding them accommodation, sending telegrams, and protecting them from undesirable companions who try to scape acquaintance with them, and whose main object is to relieve them of their money. The soldiers, for their part, many of them strangers to London, have been very glad of the assistance thus rendered.

The work at St. Bartholomew's was originated by the corps' principal medical officer, Dr. Reginald Poulter.

Every night since Oct. 27, from 7 p.m. till midnight, or sometimes later, men of the National Guard have been in attendance at the hospital, where they go through a form of drill for carrying out patients from the wards, their efficiency being tested by practice alarms. The National Guard medical staff (including Dr. Connor, Dr. Giles, Dr. Kempster, Dr. Paul, Dr. Pollard, Dr. Webb, and Dr. Woakes), assisted by the ambulance men, take it in turns to attend and regulate the proceedings. In the intervals of rescue-drill, instruction is given in artificial respiration or bandaging. The hospital authorities have expressed, through the Warden, Captain Girling Ball, their high appreciation of the National Guard's services in this matter, mentioning especially that the wounded soldiers in hospital feel a sense of confidence from the presence of the Volunteers.

Another feature of the National Guard's work is the help they have given to recruiting. Since the Derby scheme recruits have had opportunities of drilling with them, joining in their route-marches, and using their rifle-ranges.

FENCING AS A SPORT FOR THE BLIND.

(See Illustrations.)

VERY few people, if asked to suggest amusements for the blind, would include fencing in a list of suitable recreations, but the idea is not so fantastic as it seems. Professor Dubois, whose method is illustrated on page 344, is to be congratulated on the inception of what may prove a very valuable piece of work.

The "feel of the blade" and a kind of instinct which comes to a practised swordsman have always been surer guides to the intentions of an opponent than the eye, quick as this may be. Many well-known fencers are quite short-sighted, and at best one's vision is handicapped by the necessary strongly wired mask.

The sword-hand becomes exceedingly sensitive to the relative positions of the blades and to their slightest movements. The nerves telegraph along the sword-arm to the brain all the lightning changes in the situation far more rapidly and accurately than the eye can detect them. This fact was brought home to me during the last Olympic Games at Stockholm. My sight is very poor, and I always fence in glasses. These slipped off my nose during a long fight, and, as I was hard pressed at the time, I did not care to ask for a break in which to unmask and readjust them. I fought on for some minutes almost, though of course not entirely, blind, trusting to the "sense of the sword" and to the experience I had already gained of the other man's methods. Strange to relate, I was not hit; and I eventually stopped my adversary with a lucky touch on the wrist. Up to that moment I should never have believed it possible for me to fight successfully without the full use of my eyes.

In the old days of sword and buckler or rapier and dagger, when the combatants kept out of reach and attacked by means of "passes"—that is, by stepping to the front or to the right or left—and when they parried with buckler, "main-gauche," or with the left hand itself, a blind man would have had no chance. Early in the seventeenth century, however, Capo Ferro clearly enunciated the principle of parrying with the forte of the sword-blade, and discouraged "passes" in favour of attacks in the straight line. These ideas were gradually adopted as people realised how much time and energy were thus economised.

In modern fencing, then, a blind man would be able to keep in touch with his opponent almost continually; and, as bouts take place on a "piste," or strip of material stretched along a room in order to prevent slipping, it should not be difficult for the men to keep their places in line opposite each other. It would not be fair to pit a man who could see against one who could not, but I can imagine two blind men having excellent sport together.

Style, as we call it, would be of vital importance to them. Perfect style is an advantage to anyone, but to the blind it would be absolutely essential. Centuries of study have evolved a system of attacks, parries, and counters which answer each other automatically if properly carried out; and the correct "position on guard" of a modern fencer is admirably adapted to defence or offence. In Figs. 1 and 2 the attitude is well shown. In the latter illustration the method of holding the sword so as to cover both sides of the body may be noticed. Whether delivering a riposte (Fig. 3) or a lunge (Fig. 4), this system of covering the opposite line with the forte and hilt of one's own weapon will be of great value to the blind fencer in his efforts to remain in touch with his opponent under all circumstances. The feel of the curves and general construction of a modern hilt will also help the swordsman to keep his blade well aimed. In Fig. 5 the instructor is explaining to his pupil the movements of the pommel.

In Fig. 6 two blind pupils are practising the parries sixte and seconde or quarte and septime against a bar of iron whose weight is regulated to represent the pressure of an adversary's blade feinting from the high to the low line, and vice versa.

At a time when many fighting men have lost their sight in the war, no plan to help or comfort them may be lightly brushed aside, and any effort to introduce to them the healthy and fascinating game of fencing should be heartily welcomed.

GERALD AMES (English International Fencer).

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MY LADY FRAYLE," AT THE SHAFESBURY.

SCORE plot, performance much above the average of musical comedy—indeed, the whole thing worthy of a theatre that has been keeping up the best traditions of opera—to be able to say that of "My Lady Frayle" is to say much, and yet to Mr. Courtneidge's new piece no more than its due. Plenty of the numbers supplied by Messrs. Howard Talbot and Herman Finck have a comic-operatic quality, and can boast something beyond mere sparkle and vivacity. The plot, in which Mr. Max Pemberton has had a hand, is a really neat feminine version, or travesty if you like, of the "Faust" idea, showing a *passé* countess in league with the Devil to wrest the love of her young boy-ward from her girl rival, and repenting of her bargain. The cast introduces us to several newcomers, or artists who are, comparatively speaking, such, who fully justify their selection. Miss Margot Joyce, for instance, taking up at short notice the rôle of the female Faust, rendered the heroine's passionate music fervently, and emerged at the *première* from what must have been an ordeal with flying colours. Miss Annie Croft, as the young girl of the story, scored the vocal triumph of the evening with her song, "Day by Day." Miss Cicely Debenham, with her dancing and general archness, proved herself something like a second Mabel Sealby. And in the part of a butler Mr. Arnold Richardson made the most of a curiously bronchial laugh. Of this it was possible to have too much; but fortunately Mr. Courtice Pounds, in clerical garb, is seen and heard at his best: this old favourite might have his opportunities increased with advantage.

"THE LOVE-THIEF," AT THE QUEEN'S.

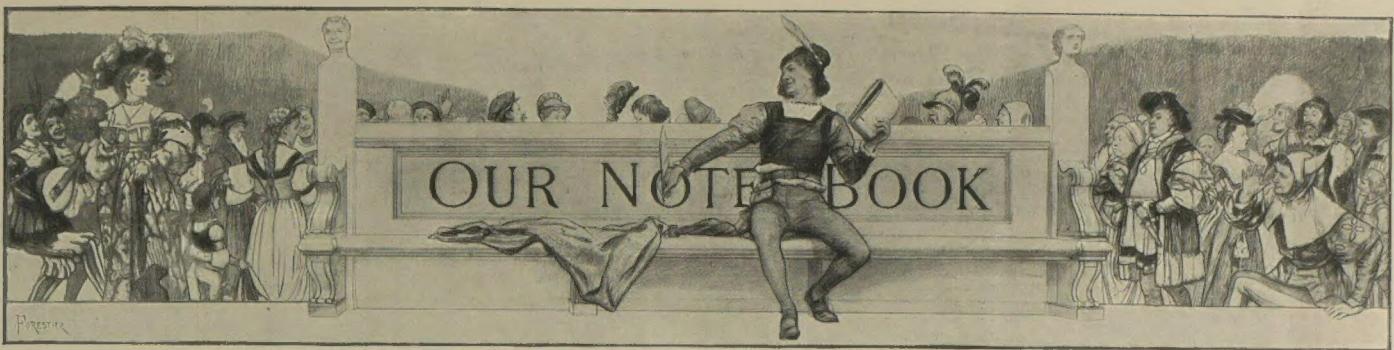
We should have to think the Canadian sense of humour was in a bad way, if not its ideas of drama, were "The Love-Thief" an average specimen of plays "Canadian." The fun begins here when the young hero hangs his head over his confession of being a foundling, and is profoundly surprised when he is deemed an acceptable *parti* in marriage. But the love-thief himself, otherwise J. Burton Downs, goes one better in oddity of motive and self-explanation in accounting for his efforts to prevent his adopted son from marrying the girl of his choice. Downs declares that he has a special affection for Tom because the boy's mother was betrayed by his (the love-thief's) brother, and therefore he, most squeamish of profligates, cannot tolerate Tom's uniting his fortunes with those of one of his own victims. There are other complications, most of which affect the audience just in the way the author did not intend. They laugh when he had counted on their being awed or thrilled; and, if visitors to the Queen's could be prepared in advance for this effect of the play on their moods, they might settle down confident of diversion. That between whilst they would have to feel sorry for Miss Miriam Lewes, called upon to be pathetic under circumstances of difficulty, need not trouble them overmuch, for the actress "makes good," these things notwithstanding.

"JERRY," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Call to mind the farces of your experience in which a bachelor must marry or produce a wife within narrow limits of time, and you will be surprised how many they number. Playwrights who affect this form would be hard put to it if robbed of such a convention. Mr. William Ashley adopts it in "Jerry" in order to exploit the time-honoured joke of the spinster who forces her unwelcome company on a man in the hope of entrapping him into marriage. Jerry wants as little to wed formidable Bertha as he is anxious to wed piquant Kitty, but there was a letter he unwisely wrote to Bertha which she intends using to secure her ends. How dodge her? Inevitably, of course, he must sham illness, dress Kitty in nurse's costume, send the intruder on a distant errand, and get the doctor to declare it would be harmful for him to marry. Meantime, he will forget occasionally which of his limbs is injured, be stormed by other ladies answering his advertisement, and have to cope with hysterics and other exhausting manifestations of femininity. Your enjoyment of the imbroglio will depend on your capacity for responding automatically to such mechanical devices of humour. Even the characters sometimes show signs of giving out as the result of their efforts, and have to resort to stimulants. But Miss Gladys Ffolliott is sufficiently overwhelming; Mr. Charles Windermere as Jerry works hard at the task of looking an invalid; and Miss Yvonne Arnaud cannot help being fascinating.

Cricketers will once more find a mass of interesting and authoritative matter, including a lamentably long obituary list of well-known cricketers who have fallen in the war, in "John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1916" (John Wisden); and there is a tribute to the late W. G. Grace, by Lord Harris, and full statistics of Mr. Grace's career in the cricket field. The editor has also taken care that the usual tabulated information shall be ample and up to date.

It is wisely pointed out by the editor of "Herbert Fry's Royal Guide to the London Charities" for 1916 (Chatto and Windus) that the great London institutions must not be neglected, as it were, because of the special efforts which the war has necessitated, to which also, however, he of course attaches the utmost importance. The volume is, as ever, an admirable, complete, and trustworthy guide for the benevolent who may desire to help the funds of any particular class of charity, and also will be of practical assistance to those who are, through stress of circumstances, seeking aid for themselves or those dear to them.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE a budget of Pro-German protests to keep me good and happy; but it is often difficult to choose one that can be written with profit. For mere pleasure I like the real lunatics, who challenge me to physical combat in the interior of the American continent, with all the reckless defiance that the German-American will fling at the most distant foe. But it would be unfair to show them favour at the expense of those which essay the more difficult task of making an intellectual fight for Germany. In dealing with these I always try to observe one rule of justice: that of detaching any really defensible and arguable point, even if it is embedded in bewildering nonsense about other matters. It is reasonable thus to isolate one particular point, which I have seen repeated in several Pro-German replies and rejoinders. I mean the allegation that many of the critics of Germany in this war are really ignorant of Germany and German things. Now, I have no use for pomposity and mystification about these personal matters; and I admit at once that my glimpses of Germany have been brief; and that though I have talked much to Germans about German politics, my German is so fragmentary that I have owed the pleasure to their own admirable knowledge of French or English. It is quite fair that I should be reminded and the reader informed of such facts; but if it be inferred that they make a judgment on a great feature of history impossible, I think the deduction altogether unphilosophical; the more as it would prevent almost anybody from having any convictions about any historic events.

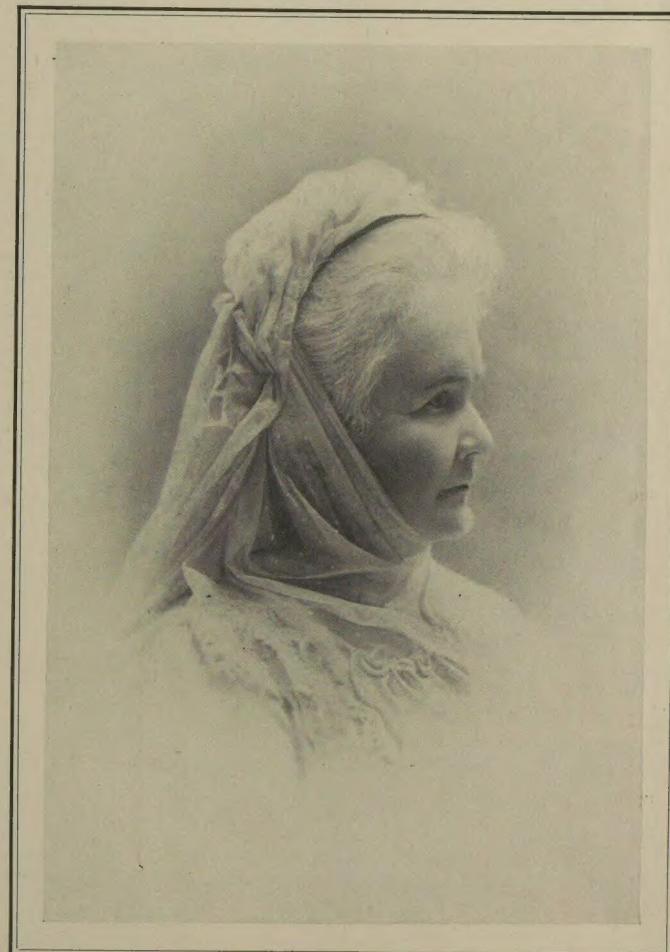
To the objection that the accusers of Germany are not well versed in German conversation and culture, there is one very simple and solid reply. It would not really be necessary to understand a word of all the words of a people which had expressed itself so completely in its deeds. We need not learn even the alphabet of those who have talked to us in a dumb alphabet so dreadful and so plain. An assassin seldom needs to employ an interpreter. Blood is not only thicker than water but much plainer than ink; and few will be found to care in what idiom their wives and children were condemned to death, or in what *patois* they were jeered at while they died. It will be admitted on all sides that the charge, right or wrong, which we bring against the modern Germans is the charge of being barbarians. And barbarians, by the nature of the case, are precisely the people whom civilisation has frequently condemned, if not without hearing, at least without understanding. I shall hold myself free to form a moral judgment about the King of the Cannibal Islands though his *menu* may be written in a language more mysterious than French; and if the Choctaws scalp my little nieces, I shall not be silenced by a reminder that I do not know Choctaw. The Red Indians will have written clearly enough as Red Indians do write—in pictures.

But there is a yet wider answer which goes beyond the criminals who now control Germany, and touches the comparatively harmless people who enjoy its general culture. It is that I am mainly moved to my conclusions, not by the arguments of the Allies, but by the arguments of the Germans. And these I know well enough to judge of their substance,

though not of their style. If there is one thing more cosmopolitan than death, it is reason. I believe in the sanctity, I might say the secrecy, of the national soul more than many Germans, and certainly more than most German-Americans. But there are international things; and logic is like arithmetic. It is possible to translate it into algebra; it is possible to discuss the relations of a quantity even if it is an unknown quantity. I may not know a Snark from a Boojum; but I know that half a Snark is not more than a whole Snark; and I know that twice one

hexagons. So only do I judge of the wild signals of the monsters of the Prussian planet. When a Prussian professor tells me (as a Prussian professor did) that German hegemony should be welcomed because the Germans have a higher morality, I freely admit that I am not intimately experienced in German morality, apart from its happy harvest in this war. But when the Prussian professor also tells me (as the Prussian professor did) that only Germans can judge of German morality, then I can see that the professor is arguing in a circle. And a circle is an abstract figure, the same for all tribes and tongues. Or, when I am told that every German went forth feeling it was his fate to vanquish the whole world, I willingly admit that I do not know much about how Germans feel. But when I am told that he *has* vanquished the whole world, when I know he was defeated in ten days by an army about half his own, then I say he cannot have done so unless the half is as big as the whole. And I do not believe that this happens in any climate, or under the influence of the local colour of any countryside. I know that there are millions of small matters of which I am entirely ignorant; but the case against Germany does not consist of the small matters, but of the large matters. It is by the universal tests that we find their failure in the campaign, and their much greater failure in the controversy.

There is a current phrase among the rather inconclusive thinkers of the New Theology that unity is not to be sought in religious creed, but in religious experience. It seems to me inconclusive, because experience as such is necessarily solitary. If nobody in the world but I has experienced the toothache or the taste of onions, I cannot convey it at all; if many have experienced it, we may agree to a common formula about it. But the moment we make one for religious experience we make a creed. Germany is in this, as in many other things, the champion of a kind of crude modernism; and a great part of her case is the claim of an indescribable experience, against the descriptions drawn up by the historic reason of mankind. All that she can tell us is that Germans enjoy being German (which is right enough), and that they can only find a vent for their bursting beatitude by preventing Belgians from being Belgian. And in Germany this one-sided emotionalism does really talk the language of religion. There is here a distinction between such talk on the two opposing sides: a distinction that has been too little observed. The distinction is this: that the weakest and the worst English appeal to God is an appeal to Him as an arbiter, and in that sense a



THE POET-QUEEN OF ROUMANIA: THE LATE "CARMEN SYLVA."

The Dowager-Queen of Roumania, whose death took place at Bucharest on March 2, was a woman of real and wide culture, and her beautiful nature expressed itself not merely in poems and music, but in endless good works, especially for children and sufferers of all kinds. Queen Elizabeth may be truly said to have learned in suffering what she taught in song, for she lost her only child, a little girl, at the age of four, and to her grave, in a chapel which the Queen had built, her Majesty every day brought roses. She worked hard, often beginning at four in the morning, and the suffering poor, and particularly the blind, owe her a debt which will never be forgotten. She was born in 1843, and married the late King Charles in 1869.

Photograph by Franz Mandy.

Boojum can only be two Booja. We may or may not exactly understand whatever hanky-panky certain people are playing on us; but if they positively assure us that their hanky is superior to their panky, we shall pin them to the deduction that their panky is inferior to their hanky.

Now, it is this elemental unreason that I criticise in German arguments, whether in German or English. It has sometimes been suggested, I think, that if the denizens of distant planets possess intelligence, it might be possible to signal to them by vast geometrical figures, by squares and circles, triangles and

stranger: a witness to abstract right. If we say to our soldiers "God is with you," it is like the expression in a law court, "The court is with you." "God defend the right" means "God destroy us if we are wrong." The Germans do not talk this language: they talk boldly in so many words about "Our German God." The Deity's importance in the quarrel does not consist in being impartial, but in being an omnipotent partisan. He is not an open court in which they are claiming a verdict. He is, as the German Luther said, a fortress.

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THE NEW BRITISH FIELD-MARSHAL WHO COMMANDS THE RUSSIAN ARMIES: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT THE FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHUSSKY-KORSAKOFF.



LEAVING A POSITION AFTER INSPECTING IT: THE EMPEROR ENTERING HIS CAR.



"THE LITTLE FATHER" AMONG HIS "CHILDREN": THE EMPEROR (ON HORSEBACK) PASSING ALONG A LINE OF INFANTRY AT AN INSPECTION.



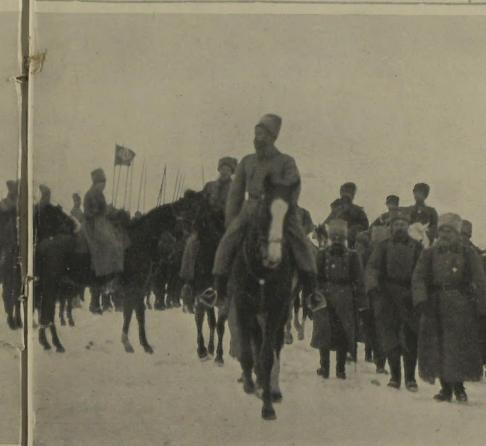
THE EMPEROR'S INTEREST IN HIS SOLDIERS' WELFARE: TASTING THE FOOD OF THE TROOPS



AMONG "MOST VALIANT REPRESENTATIVES" OF HIS ARMY: THE EMPEROR WITH KNIGHTS OF ST. GEORGE.



THE NEW FIELD-MARSHAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY AMONG HIS OWN TROOPS.



THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA INSPECTING RUSSIAN CAVALRY.



THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMIES ON THE NORTHERN FRONT: GENERAL KUROPATKIN.



WITH AN INSCRIPTION RECORDING A VISIT FROM THE EMPEROR: A RUSSIAN ARTILLERY OBSERVATION-POST AND SHELTER.



THE EMPEROR'S INTEREST IN HIS ARTILLERY: COMING OUT OF AN OBSERVATION POST-SHELTER—GENERAL KUROPATKIN STANDING BY.



THE EMPEROR AND "HEROES OF ST. GEORGE THE CONQUEROR": HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY TALKING TO OFFICERS WHO ARE KNIGHTS OF ST. GEORGE.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMIES AND A BRITISH FIELD-MARSHAL: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA IN THE FIELD.

The Emperor of Russia is now a Field-Marshal of the British Army. He was presented with the baton, on behalf of King George, by General Sir Arthur Paget and Captain Lord Pembroke on February 29 at the Imperial Headquarters. In presenting the baton, Sir Arthur Paget said: "My August Sovereign trusts that your Majesty will receive it as a token of his sincere friendship and affection, and as a tribute to the heroic exploits of the Russian Army. Though the distance which separates them has rendered it as yet impossible for the Russian and British Armies to fight shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy, they are united in the firm determination to conquer the enemy and never to make peace till victory has been secured. . . . The British Army, who share his Majesty's admiration for their Russian comrades, welcome your Imperial Majesty as a British Field-Marshal." The Emperor, in his reply, requested Sir Arthur Paget to thank King George for the high honour conferred upon him, and expressed assurance that British and Russian troops would soon be fighting side by side. —General Kuropatkin, who is seen in two of our photographs, was by Imperial Ukase of February 19 appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Armies on the northern front in place

of General Pleshvev. It will be remembered that he commanded the Russian Army in the war with Japan. —The Order of Heroes of St. George the Conqueror was founded in 1769 by Empress Catherine the Great, who was herself the first Knight of the First Degree. The Cross of St. George is the Russian name for the Victoria Cross, to the British—being conferred (on officers and privates) only "for special bravery and heroism and distinguished martial exploits." When reviewing his Army recently the Emperor said in a speech to the Knights of St. George: "To you, as most valiant representatives of our Army, I address my cordial and profound recognition of your courageous and self-sacrificing service in the course of this campaign. . . . Be assured that, as I said at the beginning of the war, I will not conclude peace until we have chased the last enemy from our territory, nor will I conclude such a peace except in full agreement with our Allies, to whom we are bound, not by paper treaties, but by true friendship and blood." —In Photograph No. 7 the inscription reads: "His Imperial Majesty the Emperor deigned to visit the observation-post and shelter of the command of the 2nd Heavy Battery on the position near the farm of Ouzmashof, 21 December, 1915."

THE WESTERN EGYPT CAMPAIGN: DORSET YEOMEN AND AUSTRALIANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUS. BUREAU, CENTRAL PRESS, AND TOPICAL.

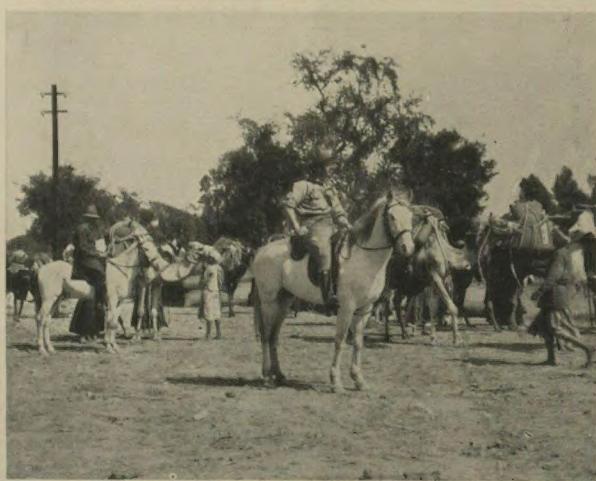


DORSETS IN THE DESERT: A HALT FOR WATERING HORSES.



MOUNTS FOR THE DESERT MARCH: CAMELS ENTRAINED AT A STATION.

AFTER THEIR "BRILLIANT AND MOST EFFECTIVE CHARGE": DORSETSHIRE YEOMEN WITH PRISONERS.



CAMELS CARRYING THEIR OWN RATIONS: LOADING "TIBBIN" (CHOPPED STRAW) UNDER AUSTRALIAN SUPERVISION.



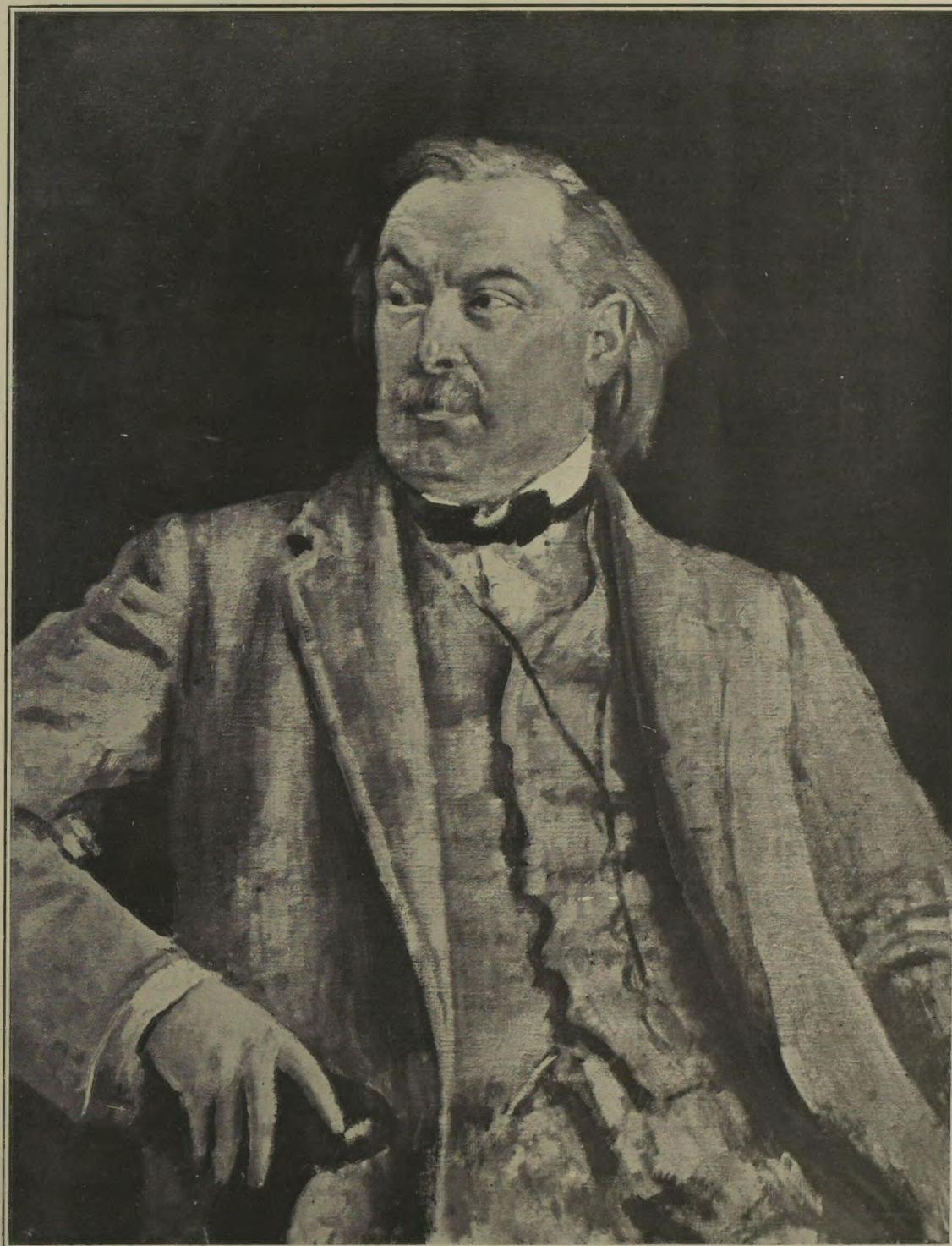
IN TOUCH WITH THE FOLKS AT HOME: THE ARRIVAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN MAIL AT CAIRO.

The silhouette across the upper part of the page shows a number of Dorsetshire Yeomanry crossing the desert on the Western Egyptian frontier, mounted on an unusual type of charger for trained cavalry—although in the desert campaign against the Mahdi, under Lord Wolseley, thirty years ago, some of the British infantry soldiers of that day, and a number of Lord Beresford's bluejackets of the Naval Brigade as well, were so mounted on camels. Incidents of the latest phase of the campaign of the Western Egypt Expedi-

tory Force in the last week of February, when General Lukin routed the Bedouin forces under Nuri Bey (killed in the battle), the brother of Enver Pasha, and took prisoner Gaafar, his second in command, form the subjects of the illustrations on the page. The Dorsetshire Yeomanry, in particular, distinguished themselves on the occasion by a "brilliant and most effective charge," as the official report states. It was in that encounter that Nuri Bey fell, and Gaafar was made prisoner.

THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS: THE JOHN PORTRAIT.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, PAINTED IN AID OF THE RED CROSS. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

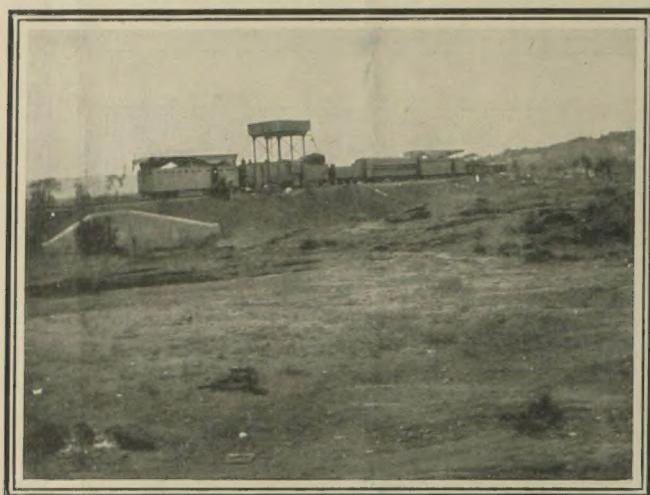


MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE: ON VIEW AT THE CHENIL GALLERY, CHELSEA,
AND TO BE PRESENTED TO THE ABERDEEN ART GALLERY.

A number of leading artists last year presented, for sale at Christie's on behalf of the Red Cross Fund, blank canvases on which they undertook to paint portraits for the purchasers. That given by Mr. Augustus John, who, as everyone knows, is one of the greatest artists of his time, was bought by Sir James Murray, late M.P. for East Aberdeen. At his request, Mr. John has painted on the canvas the portrait of Mr. Lloyd George here reproduced, which Sir James Murray is to present to the Aberdeen Art Gallery, of which he is Chairman. Meanwhile, it has been

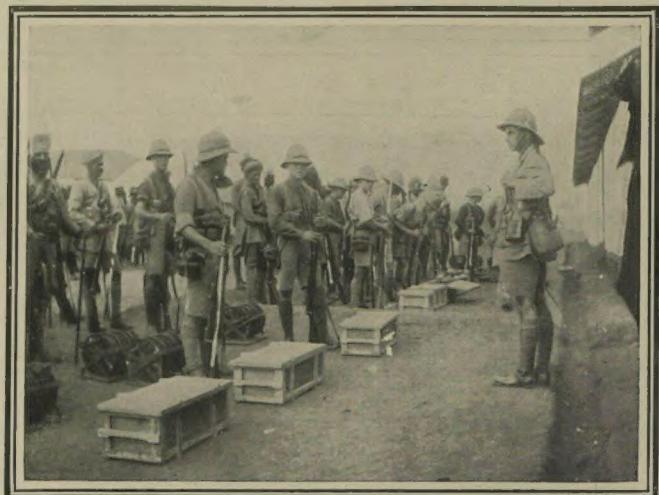
arranged to place the picture on view at the Chenil Gallery, in the King's Road, near Chelsea Town Hall. This little gallery is very well managed, and always has an extremely well-chosen exhibition of pictures. It is open to the public on Sundays—a welcome innovation on the part of a private gallery—the directors realising that, under the present conditions, few men are free during the week from either naval, military, or business duties, and Sunday is the only available day on which to maintain their interest in affairs of art.

THE CAMERA IN THREE CONTINENTS: WAR NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



AN IMPORTANT ELEMENT IN THE FORCES COMMANDED BY GENERAL SMUTS: AN ARMoured TRAIN IN EAST AFRICA.

Lord Kitchener, in his recent review of the war, said in the House of Lords: "In East Africa several small engagements have enabled us to extend our positions, and the Union Government, after their victorious campaign in South-West Africa, having offered troops for service in that country (i.e., East Africa), General Smith-Dorrien was appointed to command the increased forces which it was proposed to

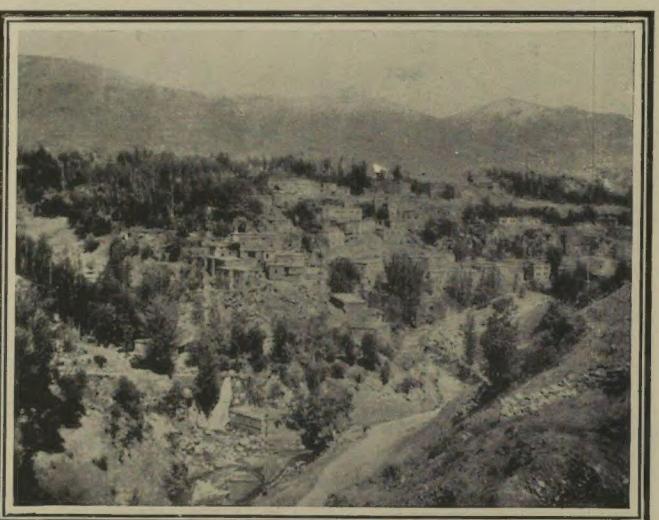


WITH EQUIPMENT INCLUDING DRUMS OF CABLE FOR FIELD-TELEPHONES: A SECTION IN EAST AFRICA ABOUT TO START.

employ there. Unhappily, his health has prevented his retaining the command, which I am glad to say has been accepted by General Smuts, in whom we can have the utmost confidence in view of his varied military experience." A few days later General Smuts, in his first despatch, was able to report a success at Kachumbe, on the Uganda border.

Photo, Underwood and Underwood.
THE RUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF ERZERUM: RUSSIAN TENTS IN THE TOWN OUTSIDE THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

Full particulars of the capture of the great Turkish fortress of Erzerum, in Armenia, were given in a recent Russian communiqué: "On the line of forts alone," it states, "we took 197 pieces of artillery . . . in the defence works of the central fortress another 126 pieces. . . . The exact number of Turkish prisoners is 235 officers and 12,753 men."—A Russian communiqué of March 3 stated: "We have

Photo, Harris' Picture Agency.
CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS IN THEIR ADVANCE FROM ERZERUM: BITLIS—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN.

just received the news that our troops last night took the town of Bitlis by storm, capturing 6 guns." Bitlis is 120 miles south-east of Erzerum, near the western end of Lake Van, and commanding a road to Mesopotamia. Its old castle is said to be on the site of a fortress built by Alexander the Great. The Kurds there have committed horrible atrocities against the Armenians.

Official French Photograph, supplied by News, Ilns.
FRENCH SPECIAL TRANSPORT: A GENERAL PASSING THROUGH THE WOODS OF THE MEUSE IN A HORSE-DRAWN CAR ON A LIGHT RAILWAY.

A French General in command of a sector is here seen passing through the woods of the Meuse in his special "Pullman de luxe" car on one of the light rail-tracks that run throughout the lines.—The bad roads of the Balkans, which in rainy weather are apt to become quagmires of deep mud, have caused

Photo, Alford.
GERMAN SPECIAL TRANSPORT: LIGHT HORSE-DRAWN TROLIES DESIGNED TO TRAVEL EASILY ON BAD ROADS IN THE BALKANS.

great difficulty in the matter of transport. Our photograph shows one method by which the Germans have attempted to overcome it—that is, by employing horse-drawn trucks of such light build that the wheels are not likely to stick in the mud.

ON THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL BATTLE-GROUNDS: ITALY AT WAR.



HOISTING A "75" ON TO A MOUNTAIN-HEIGHT, FOR USE AGAINST THE ENEMY: ITALIAN ARTILLERYMEN HANDLING A GUN IN THE ALPS.

In connection with this very interesting photograph, we cannot do better than quote a "Times" article of not long ago: "The difficulties which the Italian offensive against Austria had to cope with at the beginning of the war were manifold and serious. We have only to consider the large extension of frontier (800 kilometres), the precipitous and Alpine character of the theatre of operations, and especially the powerful defensive

preparations made by Austria—preparations which in the long period of peace following the war of 1866 had been carried out with a view to permanency." The initial stages of the campaign called for all the resource of the Italians, and, as that campaign has been pursued, the formidable character of their task has not been lessened—indeed, if anything, it has increased with the severer weather.

WELL MET! A CONGENIAL TASK OF THE "RECOGNISED" VOLUNTEER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG. (SEE ARTICLE ELSEWHERE.)



THE CITY OF LONDON NATIONAL GUARD AS "GUARDIAN ANGEL" TO SOLDIERS HOME FROM THE FRONT ON LEAVE:
THE VOLUNTEER RENDERS SERVICE TO THE REGULAR.

The Government's decision to recognise the Volunteers lends additional interest to the work they are doing, as illustrated by our special artist on this and the succeeding pages. In the above drawing a man of the City of London National Guard is seen piloting some soldiers arrived in London, fresh from the trenches and strangers to the ways of the Metropolis. On the left are two of the unofficial "couriers" who proffer their services to the home-coming soldiers—small boys armed with an "A.B.C." time-table for looking up trains. A member of the National Guard, describing his experiences of this

work at the London stations, writes in the Corps' magazine: "The different batches with those in charge set off. What a scene—one I shall never forget! I was detailed to accompany the men who proposed travelling from Euston—men who not many hours before were in the first line of trenches. They were in sheep-skin coats, carried a full kit and battle-scarred rifle, and sometimes a souvenir or war-trophy; all were mud-stained, some unshaven, all were hungry; yet, withal, they were cheerful, hopeful, and seemingly as hard as nails."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE NATIONAL GUARD AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL: RESCUE DRILL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG. (SEE ARTICLE ELSEWHERE.)



"ONE, TWO! ONE, TWO!" VOLUNTEERS CARRYING A "PATIENT"—BED AND ALL—DOWNSTAIRS DURING A PRACTICE ALARM.

Shortly after the Zeppelin raid on London last October, the National Guard's principal medical officer, Dr. Reginald Poulter, organised a system of rescue-drill at St. Bartholomew's Hospital for getting the patients out of the wards in case the building were struck by a bomb and set on fire. Every night since, a number of men of the National Guard have been on duty at the hospital from 7 p.m. to about midnight—sometimes later. On the night of Sunday, March 5, for instance, when Zeppelins were over this country dropping bombs, the Volunteers were there up to 3.30 a.m. The above drawing shows the method of carrying a helpless patient (in practice-drill one of the Corps acts in that capacity)

downstairs on his bed. This is done by means of poles inserted through the edges of a specially made canvas sheet placed under the mattress. The bearers—one at the foot and two at the head—then lift the mattress, patient and all, bodily off the bed, according to a prescribed form of drill, and carry it downstairs. Other men stand on the landings to light the stairs with electric hand-torches. The words: "One, two! One, two!" are not, as might perhaps be thought, a quotation from "The Jabberwock," but are the order given at each step by the bearer in charge of the squad, indicating that both feet must be placed on each stair.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

RECOGNITION FOR THE VOLUNTEERS: LONDON'S LARGEST CORPS, THE NATIONAL GUARD—SOME OF ITS ACTIVITIES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,

S. Begg. (See Article Elsewhere.)



THE NATIONAL GUARD AT WORK: ONE OF THE MANY VOLUNTEER CORPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY TO BE CONSTITUTED AS A HOME DEFENCE FORCE.

The question of recognizing the Volunteers has long been agitated, and at length the official military status has been granted. On behalf of the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George announced in the House of Commons on February 29, in reply to a question: "The Government have decided to deal with the National Guard of Great Britain by providing an force the Act of 1863, under which they will be properly constituted and recognized as a military force solely for home defence; will receive military rank, and will be placed on a par with the regular army in all respects, and will be entitled to the same position in which the old Volunteer Force was at that time, and subsequently. They will be under the supervision of the Lord-Lieutenant of Counties, who will make such provision for their maintenance as may seem necessary and desirable." We illustrate some of the varied activities of a typical corps, representative of the movement throughout the country—namely, the City of London National Guard, whose grey-green uniform, hitherto adorned (or otherwise) by a red bessette, is by this time very familiar to Londoners. The

National Guard's work in meeting and looking after soldiers home on leave from the front, and in practising rescue-drill at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has been described on the two preceding pages. With regard to the latter it may be added (in explanation of the drawing on this page) that the men on duty at the hospital form up in a passage known as "Zepelin Avenue," and stand in a line, with their rifles at the shoulder, while a corporal, holding a rifle, and No. 1 (in the centre) being in command of the squad. A general article on the inception and progress of the National Guard appears elsewhere in this number. The Cyclist Section, which in May last year, was under the command of Mr. A. M. Lamb, who did good work in the old 20th Middlesex (the Cyclist Section), now the 23rd Cyclists. A fine rifle-range, at Fornall Park, Virginia Water, was presented to the National Guard by a member of the corps, Mr. R. F. de Salis, and opened by the Lord Mayor on September 25.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOVER STREET STUDIOS, FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SWAINE, BASSANO, BACON, WESTON, BROOKES, AND VANDYK.



CAPTAIN E. G. GATACRE OF GATACRE.
Duke of Wellington's Regt. Son of late
Edward L. Gatacre of Gatacre, Bridgnorth.
Died of wounds.



CAPTAIN J. ARTHUR WALKER,
R. Welsh Fusiliers. Son of late John
Walker and of Mrs. Margaret Walker, of
Osborne House, Llandudno.



CAPTAIN G. PERCY GOODALL,
Sherwood Foresters. Son of Mr. George
Goodall, J.P., Nottingham. Was a member
of the legal profession.



CAPTAIN PAUL HAMMOND,
E. Lancashire Regiment. Son of Mr.
Walter John Hammond, The Grange,
Knockholt. Was born in Brazil.



CAPTAIN E. C. B. BLENCOWE,
Dorset Regiment. A keen sportsman,
and well known as a member of the
Culmstock Otter Hunt.



CAPT. AND ADJT. INNES E. GRIFFIN,
Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry. Son
of late Dr. Griffin, Medical Officer of
Health, Banbury.



CAPTAIN A. SPEIRS-ALEXANDER,
Indian Medical Service. Killed in Mesopotamia.
Son of Dr. and Mrs. Speirs-Alexander, Hampstead.



LIEUT. J. A. DIXON,
Border Regiment. Son of Mr. E. M.
Dixon, Woodgrange Avenue, Ealing
Common, W.



LIEUT. F. C. A. GOLDEN,
12th Battalion Durham Light Infantry.
Officially reported killed in action on
December 26.



CAPTAIN JOHN MAUGHAN,
Yorkshire Regiment. Son of Mr. John
Maughan, Abbey Hill, Jervaux, Yorks.
Mentioned in despatches.



MAJOR E. CAMPION,
Seaforth Highlanders. Son of Colonel
W. H. Campion, C.B., Danny, Hassocks.
Served in Africa. Queen's medal, 5 clasps.



LIEUT. CLIVE S. HARDING,
E. Surrey Regiment. Youngest son of
Mr. F. H. Harding (I.C.S., retired), and
Mrs. Harding, Woodcote, Dorking.



LIEUT. D. OWEN EVANS,
R. Welsh Fusiliers. One of the five
soldier-sons of Dr. W. D. Evans, Blaenau
Ffestiniog.



FLIGHT LIEUT. HAROLD ROSHER, R.N.,
Took part in many raids. Killed accidentally.
Son of Mr. Frank Rosher, Wimbledon.



LIEUT. F. A. CARNEGY,
Gloucester Regiment. Son of Major H. G.
Carnegy, Clifton Down, Bristol. Reported
missing, October; now reported dead.



2ND LIEUT. TREVOR THOMAS,
R. Welsh Fusiliers. Son of General Owen
Thomas, of York House, Kensington, and
Anglesey, North Wales.



2ND LIEUT. R. FITZ-MAURICE GEARY,
Surrey Rifles. Shot after carrying out
successfully difficult and dangerous obser-
vation work.



2ND LIEUT. C. T. DONKIN,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Son of late
Mr. Robert Donkin, of Rothbury. Killed
on Christmas Day.



2ND LIEUT. C. E. T. TUDOR-JONES,
E. Lancs Regiment and R. Flying Corps.
Reported missing; now unofficially re-
ported dead.



LIEUT. AND ADJT. COLIN A. PROUDFOOT,
53rd Sikhs (F.F.). Son of Colonel Andrew
W. Proudfoot, Indian Army. Killed in
Mesopotamia.

SHELLED AND TAKEN BY THE BRITISH: GERMAN TRENCHES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPOTT AND GENERAL.



WHAT THE INTERIOR OF A CAPTURED ENEMY TRENCH LOOKS LIKE: BRITISH OFFICERS MAKING A TOUR OF INSPECTION TO VIEW THE DAMAGE DONE.



IN ANOTHER CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCH: A HALF-BATTERED-DOWN SAND-BAG-BARRICADED POSITION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A BOMBARDED VILLAGE.

By way of keeping the Germans on our front in the Ypres district fully occupied while the French were dealing with the enemy's main attack in the neighbourhood of Verdun, the British artillery was busily engaged in bombarding the German trenches. What a trench-bombardment means for the occupants of the attacked lines may be gleaned from our illustrations. In the upper one the smashed and disordered appearance of the interior of the trench, with fragments of broken planking and timber work, coils of

wire left lying where they had been sent flying, and ammunition-cases and boxes, and the remains of German soldiers' garments strewn over the ground, tells its tale. In the lower illustration, the destructive effect of a bombardment is added to by the broken-down sandbag revetments from the shattered parapets, with a trench-ladder for quick egress not removed, and, in the background, the crumbling remnants of shell-destroyed village houses, and the maimed and truncated tree-stumps.

MASTERS OF THE SECRET OF TOP SPEED: IN THE STOKESHOLD OF A MODERN BATTLE-SHIP.

DRAWN BY C. M. PADDAY.



A LITTLE-SEEN BUT IMMENSELY IMPORTANT PART OF THE COMPLEMENT OF A

In modern naval warfare speed is a factor of vital importance, and the speed of a steam-ship, of course, depends on the work of the engineers and stokers. To quote Mr. Herbert Russell's "A.R.C. of the Royal Navy"—"The stokers not infrequently form the largest individual branch of a modern war-ship's complement. The arduous character of their work, consisting of firing the boilers and trimming the bunkers, renders it necessary that they should be

A WAR-SHIP: STOKERS FEEDING THE FIRES THAT PRODUCE HER DRIVING FORCE.

divided into three watches when a ship is steaming, whereof only one is on duty at a time . . . She must carry a sufficiently strong stokehold crew to develop and maintain her full-power capacity." Skill and thoroughness in carrying out the task of firing is the secret of top speed, and often of resultant victory.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

A REVELATION: THE 15-INCH GUNNED "QUEEN ELIZABETH."

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU: SUPPLIED BY C.N.



"LIZZIE" SHOWING SOME OF HER TEETH! ABOARD H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH."



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GUNS: A CHURCH SERVICE ON BOARD THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH."

Describing the "Queen Elizabeth," Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett wrote: "This, the latest of our super-Dreadnoughts, is a revelation. She only carries eight great 15-inch guns and a secondary armament of 6-inch. But those eight make every other gun you have ever seen look ridiculous and contemptible. The gunners say they can

almost land on a penny at 15,000 yards, even with three-quarter charges. . . . The Germans . . . have no ships afloat which can compare in gun-power with the 'Queen Elizabeth' class." At the Dardanelles a "Queen Elizabeth's" shell was seen to burst amidst a Turkish battalion. The men disappeared. One shell sank a Turkish transport.

WITH THE BRITISH NAVY AT SEA: IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, SUPPLIED BY C.N.



ONE OF THE VERY MANY ODD JOBS THAT FALL TO THE HANDY MAN: BLOWING UP OLD LIGHTERS.

Very many odd jobs fall to the Navy; for is not Jack, above everything, the handy man! His only grumble about the war is that the enemy will not come out and fight, although it is to be hoped that he will do so some day. And, as an American correspondent put it after visiting a section of the Grand Fleet: "In her Navy—for this sample of her Fleet, I believe, is like all the rest—Britain has this union of the marvel of mechanics

and the magic of human skill. The man must be trained; the machine, up-to-date. The man is needed in millions; the machine in numbers almost as great. . . . Guns give the range and throw the weight of metal that are vital. Men furnish the all-transcending, all-controlling energy, coolness, judgment, discipline, and death-despising nerve that are vital."

THE GREAT GERMAN ATTACK AT VERDUN, WITH TERRIFIC

PHOTOGRAPHS

ARTILLERY FIRE AND MASSED INFANTRY: BATTLEFIELD SCENES.

BY TOPICAL.



WHERE A BIG GERMAN SHELL BURST: THE SHATTERED REMAINS OF ONE OF THE FRONT-LINE FRENCH FIELD-GUNS.



BRINGING UP THE BULLETS THAT OVERWHELMED THE GERMAN INFANTRY MASSES: A FRENCH MACHINE-GUN AMMUNITION-TRAIN IN WAITING.



FROM THE SHELL-SHATTERED FRENCH ADVANCE-TRENCHES: A DESTROYED FIELD-PIECE, RIFLES OF THE FALLEN, AND TRENCH-MORTARS SALVED FROM THE DEBRIS.



HEROES WHOSE STEADY INTREPIDITY EXCITES GENERAL ADMIRATION: FRENCH ARMY COOKS, WHO CARRIED HOT MEALS TO THE FIRE-TRENCHES UNDER SHELL-FIRE.

A terrific artillery bombardment with guns of exceptional calibre for battlefield work, 8-inch guns and 12-inch guns, heralded the opening of the great German onslaught on the French lines outside Verdun. It fell hard and heavily on the nearer French positions, destroying the trenches by concentrated salvos of shells kept up without cessation. "A French Colonel told me," writes Mr. Warner Allen in his account of the bombardment, "that on a front of a thousand yards, with a depth of about five hundred, not fewer than 80,000 big shells had fallen within six hours." Another officer said this: "How we came out alive from that inferno is a thing that I shall never understand." Our illustrations all show incidents of the battle during one phase or another. In the first we see the remains of a French field-gun hurled, by the explosion of a big shell close to it, from its gun-pit (to the left) into the open,

leaving used shell-cartridges to mark where it had been in action. The second shows a French machine-gun ammunition-team halting for a few minutes till ordered up to the firing-line to unload the boxes of cartridges on the horses. To their machine-guns the French ascribe mainly the destruction of the German infantry columns in their repeated charges in massed formation. In the third illustration, relics of a trench-position, as collected during a pause in the battle, are evidence of the fearful ordeal that the heroic soldiers of our Ally went through at the outset. In the fourth are some of the French cooks who, as a French officer relates, have kept the men in the firing-line supplied with hot meals and coffee "and always punctually"; heroically facing the enemy's fire at its fiercest in carrying forward their cans of food. Declared one French officer, indeed, "To the cooks we owe the retaking of Douaumont."

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



REPUTED AUTHOR OF FIVE HUNDRED WORKS, GENERAL THE ALEXANDRIAN ALEXANDER.



PURSUING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY BURNED BY ORDER OF DiOCLETIAN.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MEDICAL PHRASES, THE ALEXANDRIAN ALEXANDER.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE INVASION OF CANADA.

WAR is not necessarily waged by means of artillery and massed formations. The peaceful avocations of the countryside may be rudely shaken by invaders who bear no arms, but who, marching in grim silence, leave ruin in their track. The inhabitants may, so to speak, be "eaten up by wild stomachs" unless they can devise means to crush the invaders. Canada was made aware of this fact some considerable time ago, in the case of the invasion of the Brown-tailed Moth (*Ocneria dispar*) whose offspring threaten the very existence of the fruit-growers. So far, the ravages of these insects have assumed serious proportions only in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but only the utmost vigilance and ceaseless activity will succeed in confining the raids to these areas.

These insidious foes obtained their entry into Canada from the United States, where for a still longer period their unwelcome presence has made itself felt with varying severity. The New England States during 1912-13 must have suffered somewhat severely. So much is to be inferred from the fact that Nova Scotia was invaded by vast hordes of moths from this area from July 25 to 27, 1913. In Yarmouth a strong north wind, following a light westerly breeze, blew them into the town in such numbers that the open-air band had to cease playing. On July 20 the schooner *Valdere*, bound for Digby Gut, sailed for twelve hours through a cloud of brown-tailed moths, all bent on the conquest of new territory.

Having settled, they proceeded further to increase and multiply by laying eggs, from which presently emerged hordes of caterpillars. These being unable to complete their growth before winter overtook them, proceeded, according to the custom of their tribe, to spin webs, each containing a number of caterpillars. And in these silken tents, suspended from trees, they passed the winter.

Happily, such structures are rather conspicuous, so that an army of trained collectors make it their business to gather in as many of these webs as can be discovered. A considerable number of such tents, or webs, fall to the ground, and these, becoming covered with snow, contain a larger number of live caterpillars in the spring than is the case with those which remain suspended. These dropped webs are thus a serious menace, since they hand on a larger proportion of the pest in the spring.

The collected webs are not destroyed, as one might at first suppose. On the contrary, they are carefully preserved, and for a very sinister purpose.

In almost every web some, at least, of the caterpillars are sure to be parasitised—that is to say, they have been victimised by the grub of an ichneumon fly (*Apanteles lacticolor*), which, having killed its host, emerges from the body and spins a cocoon within the web. Hence the practice is tenderly to

parasitised, but by a different species of ichneumon fly. The aid of yet a third is secured in a predaceous beetle (*Calosoma sycophanta*). This is bred in large numbers, and released to aid in the work of destruction.

The work entailed in the collection and rearing of these parasites is not only heavy, but it also entails a very considerable amount of serious discomfort where the sorting-out of the webs of the brown-tailed moths is concerned. For the caterpillars are covered with long hairs, which readily break, and, floating about in the air, are drawn into the air-passages, causing a very painful irritation difficult to alleviate. The covering of the very young larva is still more remarkable; since, in addition to the long hairs, they possess a sort of underfur of short hairs, each implanted in a raised prominence or tubercle, and near the middle of its length developing a bladder-like chamber filled with air.

These aerostatic hairs are in any case remarkable structures, but they become still more so if, as is believed, they serve the purpose of enabling the young caterpillar to be carried up and wafted about by the wind like so many animated Zeppelins out—as, indeed, they are—for mischief.

The brown-tailed moth is not indigenous to North America, but was apparently introduced from Europe about thirty years ago. For some twenty years after its introduction it did no harm. Silently spreading, however, it seems to have found certain areas peculiarly favourable, and, rapidly increasing in numbers, finally became a pest, and it now bids fair to extend far into Canada.

This excessively rapid increase in numbers at first sight seems to be easily accounted for, since, though it is not a prolific species (for it lays only about one hundred eggs), it has been shown that, after making due allowance for the ravages of enemies and disease, the produce of one pair of moths amounts, in five generations, to between four and five million individuals. Yet in Great Britain, where the brown-tailed moth is indigenous, excessive numbers have never been noted. On the contrary, in 1897 entomologists were asked to refrain from taking too many specimens!



GERMAN SCIENCE APPLIED, FOR A CHANGE, TO HUMANE USES: AN X-RAY MOTOR-OUTFIT OF THE GERMAN RED CROSS.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

rear the healthy caterpillars in order that they may be later infested by the ichneumon fly, whose cocoons have been as carefully nursed. Thus a host of ichneumon flies can be later set free to



AN IMPORTANT ITEM IN OUR FLYING CORPS' EQUIPMENT: A LEYLAND FIELD REPAIR-SHOP.

Photograph by Sport and General.

attack the caterpillars which have escaped the eagle eyes of the collector during the winter. The human counter-attack made with the aid of these mercenaries is supplemented by the enlistment of yet others. The gipsy moth—also a pest—is made a contributor, since its caterpillars are similarly

gird to the gipsy moth. Up to some sixty-five years ago this species flourished in the Fen-lands; somewhere about 1850 it had become excessively rare; and now, as a wild species, has ceased to exist—and this in spite of several attempts to reintroduce it.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

FIGHTING ON EGYPT'S WESTERN FRONTIER: AFTER OUR THIRD BATTLE.

FACSIMILE SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER.



AFTER OUR VICTORY AT BIR SHOLA, ON JANUARY 22: TROOPS RETURNING TO THE BRITISH CAMP WITH WOUNDED—THE ENEMY CAMP BURNING.



THE NIGHT OF CRUELLY TRYING WEATHER AFTER THE BIR SHOLA BATTLE: HORSES AND TROOPS ON THE BATTLEFIELD—THE MEN SEEKING TO SLEEP.

The battle of Bir Shola, twenty-five miles west of Mersah Matruh, on January 22, was the third encounter that the Western Egypt Expeditionary Force had on that side with the Bedouin tribesmen and some of the Senussi, led by German and Turkish officers. The enemy, it has been stated, numbered about 6000, with artillery and machine-guns. They made a stubborn fight of it for over four hours, and then drew off, pressed hard for some distance by the victors. These, according to an officer's letter published in the "Morning Post," comprised, besides a British Army and Sikh contingent, Australians,

New Zealanders, Maoris, and South Africans. The upper illustration here shows the troops returning from the field with the wounded towards evening, to the bivouac whence they had set out for the battle on the previous afternoon. It was the rainy season, and the weather proved cruelly trying to all ranks. "Chilled to the bone and wet through," says the writer of the letter, "with neither overcoats nor blankets, these hard-fighting men lay down to rest but not to sleep. That was impossible in the bitter wind that swept off the Mediterranean."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

FENCING FOR THE BLIND: INSTINCT AND "THE FEEL OF THE BLADE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, APPROVED BY THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF WAR. (SEE ARTICLE.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF STYLE TO A BLIND FENCER: THE CORRECT "POSITION ON GUARD"—
SIDE VIEW.A BLIND FENCER IN THE "POSITION ON GUARD"—
A FRONT VIEW.DELIVERING A "REPOSTE": A BLIND FENCER
AND HIS INSTRUCTOR.IN TOUCH WITH HIS OPPONENT ALL THE TIME:
DELIVERING A "LUNGE."THE TRAINING OF A BLIND FENCER: INSTRUCTION
IN THE MOVEMENTS OF THE POMMELWITH A BAR OF IRON REPRESENTING THE PRESSURE OF AN ADVERSARY'S BLADE: BLIND
PUPILS PRACTISING THE PARRIES SIXTE AND SECONDE OR QUARTE AND SEPTIME.

Blindness is one of the worst fates that befall the soldier or the sailor in war, and many efforts are being made to provide our brave men thus afflicted with means both of livelihood and of recreation. Our readers will remember, no doubt, the illustrations we gave some weeks ago of the various occupations and games for blinded soldiers and sailors at St. Dunstan's, in Regent's Park. On another page in the present issue appears an interesting article by the well-known English international fencer, Mr. Gerald Ames, on fencing as a sport for the blind. "Very few people," he writes, "if asked to suggest

amusements for the blind, would include fencing in a list of suitable recreations, but the idea is not so fantastic as it seems. Professor Dubois, whose method is illustrated (above), is to be congratulated on the inception of what may prove a very valuable piece of work. The 'feel of the blade' and a kind of instinct which comes to a practised swordsman have always been surer guides to the intentions of an opponent than the eye, quick as this may be. Many well-known fencers are quite short-sighted, and at best one's vision is handicapped by the necessary strongly wired mask."



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In the trenches,

or wherever liquid ink is not available, Ink Pellets can be used to fill the Onoto Pen—Pull out the rod to full extent, insert one Ink Pellet in barrel of pen (The Onoto will unscrew for this purpose between barrel and nib carrier) then fill with water as if filling with ink. Onoto Ink Pellets are sold in neat tubes containing about 6 months' supply costing 6d., and 12 months' supply costing 1s.

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LADIES' PAGE.

THE QUEEN is untiring in her efforts to stimulate charity and organise help for sufferers from the war. Princess Mary, who has grown very pretty, is her Majesty's almost invariable companion on these errands of mercy. Just now the Princess would, in the ordinary course of things, be enjoying all the amusements suited to her age; but the girls who have attained their later teens in this sad time are thinking nothing of the lost dances and season's gaieties, for their minds are occupied with sympathy and desire to aid their brothers and their friends who so bravely go forth to meet danger in defence of our homes. "The Flapper," careless and frivolous, is converted before her time into the thoughtful, tender woman. But perhaps the class of women to whom the war has made most difference is those who had grown up to full maturity in well-to-do homes, sheltered by their parents with the kindest intentions from all effort, parasites willingly or unwillingly, treated still as children because still dependent at an age when they ought to be taking all the deepest responsibilities of life upon themselves. We all know some such women who have now for the first time found it possible to do real work, useful, individual, and remunerative. The latest war task to which such spinsters are being set is making the wings of military aeroplanes; and it seems that it is found particularly suitable to this class of women, not very strong physically, but of good mental ability, and trained to delicate handwork by their "accomplishments." This is tame, it is true, beside such adventures as those of the nursing corps who were in Serbia, but it is happiness and freedom compared with the old stay-at-home-and-do-nothing life. So many women will now for the first time realise the truth of Mrs. Browning's saying: "Get work, get work! 'Tis better far than what you work to get."

It is by no means a necessity, but on the contrary it is most undesirable, for women to neglect their appearance in these hard-working times. We owe it, however, to our country to be sure that the toilet preparations that we employ to keep our hands, complexions, and hair in the best possible condition are of British manufacture. This is the case with the well-known "Oatine" preparations. All these are described, by the way, in a very informing little book on "Beauty and Health: How to Attain and Preserve Them," which can be obtained for a few pence from the Oatine Company, Oatine Buildings, London, S. E. All chemists stock the preparations, including a very pure soap, fine face-powder, excellent shampoo-powder, hair-food, and antiseptic tooth-paste. The "Oatine Cream" is celebrated as a skin tonic both for face

and hands, cleansing and much improving their appearance. A final recommendation is moderation in price.

Simple and pretty spring models that any quiet lady may wear are constructed with full skirts of silk

often strikingly embroidered: or, perhaps, in this situation, a stray piece of lovely brocade in harmonising colours is employed, and to this braces may be added of the plain taffetas used to make the skirt. A popular fashion will be a small sleeveless vest of the same taffetas as the full skirt, fitting flat to the figure, usually crossing over at the waist, and terminating a few inches below it in sharp points, with the rest of the corsage and the sleeves of Ninon; and again, a deep corset piece of silk is seen fitting the figure and ending in points set over the chiffon at the bust at either side. The new sleeves are usually made rather full; the Bishop form, with a frill falling over the hand, and the leg-of-mutton, are both much seen. The full sleeves in these forms are not made over stiff linings usually, but are (when of a transparent material, that is) just put over a light, soft Ninon lining, or else left unlined and actually transparent. White chiffon as the only lining is used under black and coloured Ninons and chiffons, and there is also a rage for pale-pink chiffon as a lining for sleeves and part of the corsages. As to evening dresses, they are practically sleeveless, only a shoulder-strap being shown; and the top of the corsage, what there is of it, is almost invariably of a gathered transparent stuff, net being here much favoured.

Capes, or collars so wide and deep as to be almost capes, are to be worn, generally made in the same taffetas as forms part of the frock; and, again, many dresses are supplied with a little short coat of the silk, so full and so loosely falling that it may well be described as a cape with sleeves. Navy-blue taffetas is greatly in vogue, and the very full, loose coates just described are made in that sort of silk for wear with gowns of quite another colour, or white, just as much as with a dress in navy-blue taffetas and chiffon to match. The coats in question are usually trimmed round with an old-world ruche of the silk itself, the edges teased out into a sort of fringe. Ruffles made in like manner often encircle the throat. Or, alternatively, a plain high collar-band of taffetas is finished round the top, or perhaps both top and bottom, with a ruche or frill; this ruche on the top of the collar may be widened at the back of the head and wired, so as to have the Medici effect. In this shape also there are a great many pretty embroidered muslin and lawn collars to be seen. Collar-bands of the dress material are often embroidered. On tailor-made coats and skirts—almost all of which, by the way, are navy or black fine serge—a little shiny black patent-leather trimming is often used; a half-belt, and a line edging the collar and top of cuffs, will be of the glistening patent-leather. It is used also as buttons, tabs to fasten the same, pipings round the edges, and so on, always in very small quantity, but certainly brightening up the effect: just a whim of the moment, but one of the trifles that mark newness.

FILOMENA.

HATS FOR EARLY SPRING.

The hat in the centre above has a crown of matted pale-pink roses on a waving brim of blue taffeta. On the right is a toque of nigger-brown fine straw, trimmed with a rose and leaves of dull gold. The left-hand model has a piping of cerise colour and tufts of heron's feathers in the front.

and corsages of a filmy material, each part of the dress adorned and harmonised with touches of the other material. Deep corset belts of the taffetas over the transparent corsage, for instance, are much liked, and are

and corsages of a filmy material, each part of the dress adorned and harmonised with touches of the other material. Deep corset belts of the taffetas over the transparent corsage, for instance, are much liked, and are

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Begin using Ven-Yusa to-day. You will soon realise that real loveliness does not mean the waxen colourlessness of some hot-house flower, but is typified by the velvety softness of your skin, your peach-like complexion and rosy-white hands. These are the immediate benefits of Ven-Yusa's invigorating oxygen bath. Always keep a jar on your dressing-table.



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GEORGE KEITH AND FREDERICK THE GREAT.

THE SCOT ABROAD continues to provide the theme for biographies innumerable, and one of the latest of these is Mrs. Cuthell's "The Scottish Friend of Frederick the Great," published in two stout volumes by Mr. Stanley Paul. The title is perhaps a little unsatisfactory, for it leads one at first to think of Marshal Keith, who fell at Hochkirch rather than of his elder brother George Keith, the tenth and last Earl Marischal. The exiled Earl, however, was likewise the very good friend of Frederick the Great, and he survived his brother James, the Marshal, by many years. Of the two Keiths John Hill Burton says, "There are considerable materials for the history of the public life of both." Here the history of the last Earl has been very fully written, neither very critically nor authoritatively, but still in such a way as to present a tolerable portrait. The earlier chapters contain some serious errors of local place-names. Mrs. Cuthell is to be congratulated on her excellent description of the ruined stronghold of the Keiths, Dunnottar Castle; but an equal precision does not extend to some other details. "Cowrie" for "Cowie"; "Kennet" for "Kineft," and, worse, the persistent repetition of "Urgie" for the River Ugie, do not argue first-hand acquaintance with the localities. The adjacent references to Inverugie Castle should have saved the writer this blunder. There is, too, a famous passage in Carlyle's "Frederick" which might have been another safeguard. It is also very rash to say that the last Earl Marischal took his degree of Master of Arts at Marischal College, Aberdeen. He and James were certainly undergraduate members of the society founded by their ancestor, but there is no record that they graduated. The Earl attended for two years, 1708-1710; and the future Marshal Keith was a member of the class of 1711-1715. That, however, is all that is positively known about their undergraduate life. Shortly after leaving college, the two young men were concerned in "The Fifteen," and had to make themselves scarce. They saw themselves practically ruined, but they faced the world in the best spirit of the Scottish soldier of fortune. They went to Paris, where they scraped along by selling their accoutrements, until Ormond,

leader of the exiled Jacobites, arranged with Cardinal Alberoni to send them into Spain on some sort of a political mission. There they entered the Spanish service, and James undertook the futile expedition to Scotland which ended in the battle of Glenshiel. The brothers escaped to Holland, and had an adventurous and perilous journey through France, where, at Sedan, they destroyed the Spanish commissions just in the nick of time to save their necks.

variety, and closely interwoven with the history of Europe. The Keiths had strange luck. They were concerned again in the '45, but contrived even then to remain at least on speaking terms with the House of Hanover. The Earl was made Prussian Governor of Neuchatel, where he made the acquaintance of Rousseau, whom he already admired. The philosopher applied to the Governor to protect him from the public displeasure of the Swiss. He did not

apply in vain. Hence a curious friendship, and it was only by the merest accident that Keith did not make the risky experiment of transplanting Rousseau to Keith Hall in Aberdeenshire. He might have known how impossible that would have been, for he himself had quite fallen out of touch with the North, and was glad at last to "creep nearer the sun."



PROVIDING FOR THE BRITISH ARMY AT SALONIKA: INDIAN TRANSPORT WAITING FOR THEIR LOADS AT AN ARMY SERVICE CORPS "DUMP."

Official Photograph issued by the Press Bureau; supplied by Central Press.

James then took service with Russia, in which he continued until 1747, when he went over to Frederick the Great and secured his fortune. Some say that he left Russia because no place could be found there for the Earl, his brother. Frederick, at any rate, was more amenable. He not only received Earl George, but advanced him and showed him every mark of regard and affection throughout a long life. This book is the story of that life, less adventurous, perhaps, than the Marshal's, but full of

Year-Book" (Carson is excellently arranged; and the editor, Mr. L. Carson, has included some highly interesting articles by H. M. Walbrook and John Raphael on the English and French stages respectively, and other contributions by Austin Brereton and other writers who are authorities on stage matters. There are many excellent illustrations, and the volume is one which every playgoer will find of interest and value.

That very useful and ever-growing annual, "The Year's Art, 1916" (Hutchinson), is as carefully compiled and as rich in reliable information as though no whisper of war had penetrated into the studios of the subjects or into the sanctum of the editor. The customary chronicle of events and personalities of the art year is comprehensive and authoritative, and the volume as a whole is a *sine qua non* to all interested in art, whether professionally or otherwise. The editor has made appropriate allusion to the "untiring generosity" of all connected with the art world with regard to war charities and gift offerings to the famous Red Cross Sale at Christie's.

The mass of valuable statistics relating to productions, authors, theatrical institutions, obituary (including the profession's "Roll of Honour"), etc., to be found in the 1916 edition of "The Stage and Comerford, The Stage Offices)

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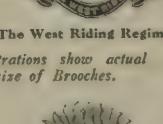
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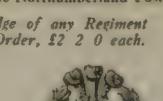
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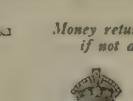
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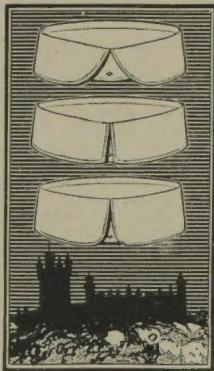


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Increased Illumination. It seems strange, in these days of screened lights upon motor vehicles, that we should have a new invention to give increased illumination to the electric car-lights. Yet some experiments that have been carried out for some time have now culminated in a successful issue which is purely British, and stands to the credit of the Edison and Swan laboratory. As most of us know, it is only one small point of the illuminating filament of the ordinary glow-lamp that is really focussed by the reflector, so that there is a waste of non-utilised light. That is why arc-lamps are used for searchlights, so that the whole of the source of light is able to be focussed and utilised. These, however, cannot be made small enough for motor headlights, so hitherto that form of lighting has not been available for road use. Now, however, a new tungsten-arc bulb has been produced from the Edison-Swan laboratory, and Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co. have applied its development to portable projectors with a view to its ultimate adoption for car-lighting.

New Lamp. The new lamp consists of an ordinary bulb, which is exhausted and then filled with an inert gas. A short, thick filament of tungsten alloy is held by two conductors, whilst a third conductor supports a small, solid sphere of fused tungsten, very near but not touching the filament. Whereas with the ordinary

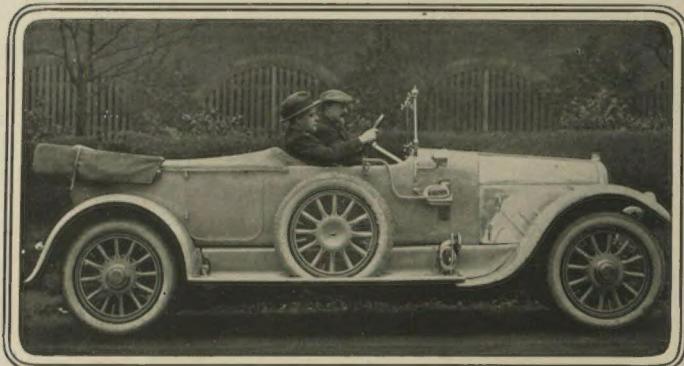
taken of the property of an incandescent tungsten filament of throwing off "ions" or "atoms." The filament or "ioniser" is first momentarily connected across a low voltage, the working pressure being across from the filament to the tungsten sphere. Immediately the filament becomes incandescent, the ionising effect enables the working pressure to break down the air-gap and the arc is established, when the ioniser is switched off. The arc then burns between the sphere (which becomes the anode) and glows with the most intense brilliancy) and the ioniser (which becomes the cathode of the arc). We then have the whole of the light proceeding from a small spot not more than one-eighth of an inch in diameter; and, the focus of a parabolic reflector being the

brightly at that point and cease to "ionise." Thus the thermostat is adjusted to return the sphere to the end of the filament when the arc is switched off, and



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The reputation won by the Wolseleys for all-round touring efficiency, is, of course, universal. Anyone who knows Spanish roads off the main tracks, and what rough travelling a roaming tour through the Peninsula may mean, will appreciate the work done by the car seen here in a Spanish village in the Navacerada Mountains.



THE LAST WORD IN UP-TO-DATE EFFICIENCY: A SPORTS MODEL 20-H.P. AUSTIN CAR.

The workmanship of the Austin Motor Company, Ltd., is seen at its acme in the car shown above; more could hardly be said. One dare not, nowadays, describe the car as a pleasure-vehicle—though there could be none more suitable—although the car in question is being used by its owner for anything but pleasure.

arc-lamp the carbons have to be touched together and then separated to start the arc, in the new lamp advantage is

port of the anode; as, owing to the deposit of tungsten in the centre of the ioniser, it would, in time, glow less

readily seen that all the available light is used to the best advantage. The current taken by the arc is $1\frac{1}{2}$ amps. at 50 volts when worked normally, and the candle-power 100; but a higher voltage is required to start the arc. This arc is exceedingly stable, and not affected by voltage variations; and, by running the consumption up to 2 amps., as much as 300 candle-power is obtained, with, of course, a shorter life.

bring it to the centre—and in focus—again when the lamp heats up. For portable work, a 72-volt battery of 6-ampere hours' capacity can be supplied, giving four hours' light. A starting-resistance and push-switch and an ordinary tumbler-switch are also required. This lamp can also be worked direct from a small dynamo without any accumulator or resistance being required. The lamp is supplied in two forms—with large bulb and thermostat for use in lens-mirror projectors; and with small bulb for use in ordinary reflectors, giving a much more divergent beam. It may be mentioned that improvements are being made which will enable this lamp to be used on lower voltages, bringing its use for motor-car head-lights within the range of possibility, if not within the near future, at any rate *après la guerre*. The colour of the light is the nearest approach to sunlight yet known, as shown by the spectroscope. Thus colours can be matched by it as easily as in daylight. This, however, concerns the ladies, so I refrain from further comment.

W. W.

Long Life.

F o r lamps where a long life is desirable, a refinement is added in the shape of a thermostat in the sup-

port of the anode; as, owing to the deposit of tungsten in the centre of the ioniser, it would, in time, glow less

readily seen that all the available light is used to the best advantage. The current taken by the arc is $1\frac{1}{2}$ amps. at 50 volts when worked normally, and the candle-power 100; but a higher voltage is required to start the arc. This arc is exceedingly stable, and not affected by voltage variations; and, by running the consumption up to 2 amps., as much as 300 candle-power is obtained, with, of course, a shorter life.

Poultry-keeping is assuming increased importance in the scheme of national economy and the pursuit will be taken up by thousands. We recommend the comprehensive booklet called "Poultry," published, at sixpence, by the "Old Calabar" Biscuit Company, of 28, Chapel Street, Liverpool, whose "Old Calabar" chicken foods are known all the world over. The booklet is a complete guide to poultry-keeping.

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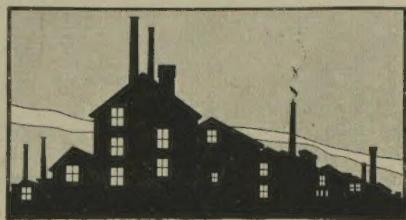
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LITERATURE.

Northern Australia. Miss Elsie R. Masson's "An Untamed Territory" (Macmillan) is one of those books which may be called happy ideas. It describes just those things about the Northern Territory of Australia which people here at home wish and ought to know, and seldom or never have been told. Works of reference inform anyone sufficiently curious to turn to them how Jan Abel Tasman sailed up the western coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and left Batavian marks upon the region in such names as Groote Eylandt and Arnhem's Land; and how, a century and a half afterwards, Matthew Flinders, and—still later—Captain Philip King, brought it to light by their surveys. We all remember the voyage of the *Beagle*, with the young naturalist on board from whom the port of Darwin received its distinguished name. Some of us have heard of John MacDonall Stuart, the first Australian colonist to cross the continent from south to north, and of the Overland Telegraph—the O.T. by their days' or weeks' distance from which men "out back" locate their camp or station. Possibly a few of Miss Masson's readers here were aware of an Overland Railway projected and completed from Darwin to Pine Creek, and from Adelaide to Oodnadatta, leaving these railheads to face each other still over a thousand intervening miles. If anyone has realised that this Northern Territory is nearly five times greater in area than the United Kingdom, it may have occurred to him that the citizen of Darwin is within easier reach of Hong Kong, the very centre of the Orient, than he is of Sydney. And all these facts and suggestions, and many others similar, are to be found in these pages; but in them also—and nowhere else that we can recall—we are made to realise how the white man, and more especially the white woman of our own breed, make their home on that fringe of the Never-Never, and even

well within the Never-Never itself: how it looks, and how its surroundings look, and how the blackfellow also fits into the landscape or fits through it. The illustrations in the volume help greatly; but Miss Masson's text reveals a special gift for seizing upon the simple things which are yet essential in any condition of life, and for fitting them, quite simply, into her descriptions. No reader of these, we imagine, will ever have this untamed territory called to mind without picturing her Napier car ricochetting from

write with ease to show your breeding. But easy writing's curse hard reading," for her pen-pictures are bright and interesting, though, being written *currente calamo*, they have the defects of their qualities. They form a frank record of rapid impressions, and make no pretension to depth. The author addresses her readers in the personality of a woman writing to a potential lover, but the interest of her pages is descriptive rather than personal; and, as Rumania is of peculiar moment to us just now, these bright and observant pictures of daily life in Bucharest will find many interested readers, and the death of the Queen-Dowager, "Carmen Sylva," lends topical interest to the glimpses we are given of the poet-Queen. We get many little word-pictures: the great pine-forests of the Carpathians, with labouring oxen of a pale-fawn colour staggering along the rough road; Rumanian organ-grinder in a brightly embroidered coat and "a skirt with the tails charmingly goffered in a frill outside his white trousers"; ancient streets of shops with curious signs; and a quaint place called "The Hall of Old Things" where everything can be bought, "from a flat iron to a rich brocade." We get glimpses, too, of the people and their temperaments. "They are very democratic; all titles, save those of the Royal Family, are forbidden"; and again, "People here think a good deal of the English; they say they are trustworthy. The little Princes and Princesses have English governesses and tutors." A strange funeral procession is described: "The coffin-lid had a top hat on it to show it contained the body of a buried a piece of dress is

man; when a woman is left hanging out." Here and there we get suggestions of the more serious side of Rumanian life and character, but the volume will be read chiefly for its vivacious sketches of the lighter side of the people and their daily life. Some excellent photographs add to the interest of the volume.



HOISTING THE PORTUGUESE FLAG ON A GERMAN SHIP SEIZED IN THE TAGUS: THE SALUTE.

German steamers which had been lying interned in the Tagus, at Lisbon, since the war began were seized the other day, and the Portuguese flag was hoisted over them. The Portuguese Premier said: "The Government's action was dictated by the necessities of our economic situation. The requisition was carried out wholesale in order to avoid acts of sabotage."—[Photo, by Benoist.]

ant-hill to rock as it plunged through the bush to Umdidu, or without hearing the deep drone of the corrupcuck and the chant of the native corroboree outside Darwin.

Rumania and Its People. author of "Domestic Life in Rumania," by Dorothea Kirke (The Bodley Head). "You

man; when a woman is left hanging out." Here and there we get suggestions of the more serious side of Rumanian life and character, but the volume will be read chiefly for its vivacious sketches of the lighter side of the people and their daily life. Some excellent photographs add to the interest of the volume.

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